

# SHINING PALACE

By  
**CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER**

Copyright by  
Christine Whiting Parmenter  
WNU SERVICE

## THE STORY

**CHAPTER I**—James Lambert tries in vain to dissuade his beautiful foster-daughter, Leonora, from marrying Don Mason, young "rolling stone," whom she likes but of whom she disapproves according to his conventional business-man standards. He tells her, "Unless a house is founded upon a rock, it will not survive." Leonora suspects the influence of her half-brother, Ned, always jealous of the girl since the day his father brought her home from the deathbed of her mother, abandoned by her Italian baritone lover. Don arrives in the midst of the argument, and Lambert realizes the frank understanding between the two.

**CHAPTER II**—Sitting up late into the night, Lambert reviews the whole story of Nora as a child, at boarding school, studying music abroad, meeting Don on the return trip. In the morning he delivers his ultimatum, to give Don a job with Ned for a year's showdown. When Nora suggests the possibility of running away with Don, Lambert threatens disinheritance. Don agrees to the job, but before a month is over, his nerves are jumpy, he cannot sleep at night, he is too tired to go out much with Nora, and admits to her that he feels stifled. Nora soothes him with her music. He falls asleep and his face is more peaceful than it has been in many weeks.

**CHAPTER III**—Nora grows quieter, and broods over Don, complains to her father of Ned's spying on him, and decides that rather than see Don's spirit broken, she will run away. She urges her father to put an end to the futile experiment. James Lambert is obdurate and angry. Lambert tells her that if Don quits she will quit with him; that he will be through with her. He adds that if she tries to bargain it will be useless to come to him for help.

**CHAPTER IV**—With the coming of spring, Don is full of unrest and wanderlust, and takes long walks at night. One evening a poor girl speaks to him, and in his pity for her, he gives her money. A car passes at that moment, flashes headlights and moves on. A terrific heat wave ushers in the summer, and Nora refuses to go to the country with her father. Ned, meanwhile, insinuates to his father about Don's evenings away from Nora, but Lambert refuses to listen. Meanwhile, Don broods over the undermining of his morale.

**CHAPTER V**—At the height of the heat wave, when Don is finding everything insupportable, Ned speaks of having the goods on him, having seen him give a girl money. When Ned scoffs at the true story of the episode, Don knocks him down, and is through. He calls Nora, who insists on running away with him to get married, realizing it is her job to restore Don's faith in himself. Her good-by to her father is met with complete silence.

**CHAPTER VI**—Don and Nora go to Maine and settle down in the studio of Carl Venable, a famous artist friend of Don's, whose daughter he saved from drowning. Nora writes her father. There is no answer, except her baggage, containing her entire wardrobe, and \$1,000 hidden in a gold mesh bag.

The postmaster produced one letter. Nora's heart quickened as he held it out, quickened until she saw the foreign stamp.

"Is it from Mr. Venable?" Don nodded, tearing it open eagerly, for once unmindful of her disappointment.

He read it sauntering along the village street, his wife's hand on his arm preventing him from colliding with trees or light posts. He smiled as he read—chuckled—lost to everything save this message from his friend; and for the moment Nora felt strangely shut out—forgotten. Then Don turned, and she saw that his eyes were shining with some awakened interest.

"I just skimmed through the thing," he told her happily. "I'll read it aloud soon as we reach the shack. Ven writes a bully letter. He wants us to join them in Italy next month, Nora. Says there's no end of things I could do and write about—knows an English editor who's keen for that sort of stuff and will pay well for it—says that Constance wants to know—Don grinned at the thrust—"if I'm still oblivious to the necessity of filthy lucre! What do you think of the plan, darling? How does a winter at Capri appeal to you? You're sure to fall for Ven and Connie and the youngsters. And they'll love you, Nora. They'll bow right down and worship or I miss my guess. We're foot-loose now. I can't perceive a single reason why we shouldn't do it. Let's go."

And Nora, who was beginning to suspect a good and sufficient reason for staying home, looked into her husband's eager face, lighted once more with the love of roaming

that was so much a part of him, and answered gamely: "Let's!"

On a crisp October day some three weeks later they sailed for Naples. Despite a promise of winter in the air, Nora left the "shack" almost reluctantly; and remembering the dismay with which she had regarded the place a few months earlier, was forced to smile at her changed attitude. But it was home to her now. When the girl asked herself, and with just cause, perhaps, would they have another?

Don, absorbed in eager preparations for the new adventure, felt no regrets—no visible regrets, at least. This hurt Nora a little, foolish though she knew the hurt to be. Perhaps, she mused, her husband would feel differently were he aware of the secret she was guarding. But it must remain a secret until they got away. On that Nora was resolved. Otherwise Don might sense her ridiculous dread of starting out for a foreign country at just this time—might even insist on changing all their plans; and that, she argued, wouldn't be fair to him. After all, hadn't she married this "soldier of fortune" with her eyes wide open? Hadn't she known he'd never be happy tied to a home? And there was no sane reason why they shouldn't go. If she had a mother to be near her here—a sister—but there was no one, not even a father as things stood now. Why should she care?

And like a beacon light, its cheerful rays piercing the fog, was the steady thought of Constance Venable. Leonora was pondering on this one afternoon when she tramped alone up the deserted beach. The shack was in order, ready for their early departure in the morning. Don had accompanied Jim Perkins to the station with their luggage ("Such swell luggage, darling," he said gleefully, "thanks to your father for sending on those steamer trunks!"); and Nora, overcome with what she considered an unwarranted attack of homesickness, was making a gallant effort to walk it off.

Yes, she was thinking as she watched a gull dive gracefully down in search of sustenance, there would be Constance Venable. Don had told her so much about the older woman that she seemed a friend. Constance had had four children. Philip, the youngest, was born abroad. It was silly to worry, even for one minute. Connie would tell her what to do, of course.

Nora moved softly, not wishing to disturb a flock of sandpipers hurrying along in the wake of a receding wave; but at her cautious step they seemed to sense some danger, lifted their wings and "like the famous ladybug," thought the girl whimsically, "flew away home." Watching their swift, sure passage she found herself envying those birds a little. They recalled some words she must have heard in childhood. A verse out of the Bible, wasn't it? "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

How true that was of a vagabond like Don! And how long, wondered Don's wife, had those old, old words lain dormant in her brain, waiting to stir at sight of a flock of sandpipers flying to shelter?

Nora turned toward the dunes, wishing (although she couldn't have said why) to gaze on something less restless than the sea; conscious that nostalgia still had the upper hand. Somehow, it must be vanquished before Don returned. Their last honeymoon supper must be a happy one—happy for both of them.

"But I'm pretty tired and shouldn't have walked so far," she told herself as the stable they'd explored not long before came into view, its varicolored cupola windows sparkling like jewels in the sunlight. There was a seat in front of the old barn: a pew from some abandoned church. Why not rest there for a while—feast her eyes on that matchless vista of curving shore beyond the bay—get back her calmness, and then go home to Don?

What a beautiful place! Nora breathed deeply the sweet scent of

balsam. How her father would love it! And with this thought she saw into her own heart, facing the knowledge that her reluctance in going so far away lay in the fact that she could not reach James Lambert should he need her. True, he had been curiously unforbearing

one who had forgiven so much in others. In their tragic parting he had been neither fair to Don nor generous to herself. Yet the girl knew that if anything happened (that fateful "anything" we cannot voice), her father would send for her. She knew that should she fail to come safely through the "valley of the shadow" which lay ahead, he would be at her side—with Don—when the lights went out.

And she was going away, far, far beyond the reach of those steady, comforting hands she loved so dearly. Nora's eyes misted. The lovely, distant shore became a blur. A lump rose in her throat. She could not swallow it; and said, aloud, a valorous effort to pull herself together: "Hold tight, Nora! Don't be a baby. Everything has its price, hasn't it? Did you really expect to avoid paying? Be your age, can't you? Remember you're not a butterfly any more. (It's just as well Dad kept those silver slippers!) Don't you dare cry or I'll be ashamed of you. I—"

She sprang up, startled, hearing nothing, yet cannily aware of an approaching presence. Then she saw Don emerging from between the highest dunes. He waved; came toward her rapidly. Not even that dragging sand, she noticed, could take the lightness from his tread.

"Geel woman, you gave me the dickens of a scare!" He sank quite breathless onto the old pew, drawing her down beside him. "I actually wondered for a moment (a terrible moment, Nora!) if you'd been kidnaped. Then I discovered your footprints in the wet sand and the rest was easy. But don't you dare run off like this again and leave no message. I've got a—a palpitation! Feel my heart."

"You goose!" said Nora; and at something in her voice Don turned, scanning her closely.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm just a little tired."

"Nonsense! I think you're homesick."

"Only—only a bit. We've been so happy here."

He smiled at that.

"Is happiness a matter of location, silly?"

"Of course not, but . . ."

She hesitated, and Don said with mock severity: "Listen to me, Madam. Something has given you the blues—our last day, too! I sha'n't allow it. What does it matter where we are, if we're together? Why, we're going to have a wonderful winter, Nora! Italy. The narrow streets of Capri. Warmth and sunshine. Good friends like Ven and Connie when we want 'em; and always each other, sweetheart. Why are you sad?"

"No reason," admitted Nora, smiling at him. "No reason at all." Then in a defensive effort to change the subject: "Don, do you realize what we're sitting on?"

He turned, stood up, regarding a carved post with interest.

"It looks like—it is a pew out of some old church, Nora. Do you see this carving? It must have been done in the days when carpentry was an art, and a man worked for the love of his task, as we all should now. A pew! A real old-fashioned pew, isn't it? Say! can't you imagine the family that used to occupy it? First Mother, rustling up the aisle on Sunday morning in her best black silk, followed by three—no—" (his eyes were measuring the seat's capacity) "four kiddies, hushed and important, each one clasping his penny for the contribution box. And lastly, Father—very dignified, you know, and a bit uncomfortable in his Sunday suit—shoes squeaking a little; while some prim old maid (the village music teacher), plays soft music on a melodeon . . . See it, Nora?"

"See it!" Nora's troubles were lost in this picture of Don's imagination. "Why, it's every bit as plain as if I'd been there. Do you know, Don, I—I believe you could write a book!"

Don laughed at the thought, his eyes still on the ancient carving.

"Maybe I could—a book that nobody but you would read. Do you know," he added after a thoughtful moment, "it goes against everything in me, leaving a splendid piece of work like this to be battered by the tempests of a New England winter. Why, it'll be buried in snow for weeks and weeks, Nora! Doesn't seem right, does it—a pew out of an old church? If I knew who owned the thing I—I believe I'd buy it and cart it to the shack. What say we set it inside the barn, dear? This

oor's not locked, I believe. I tried it the other day."

Then he turned about, slowly, and Nora saw that her husband's thoughts were far away from that weather-beaten stable beside the sea.

(Continued Next Week)

FOR SALE!  
Several lots on Arrendall Avenue.  
See D. D. CHAMBLEE

U. S. Approved, Pullorem Tested  
**BABY CHICKS**  
Hatch each Wednesday. Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, English White Leghorns.  
ZEBULON HATCHERY  
Zebulon, N. C.

## PAUL V. BRANTLEY OIL CO.

PHONE 2611

ZEBULON, N. C.

WHOLESALE PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

EXPERT LUBRICATION

FIRESTONE TIRES

AMERICA'S  
LEADER AT  
4 for 10¢

PROBAK  
BLADES



# EXTRA



TRADE

MARK

Remember, please—when you take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop (Two kinds—Black or Menthol—5¢), you get an extra benefit—**Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A**. This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

## Professional Cards

IRBY D. GILL  
Attorney & Counselor at Law  
Phone 2281  
Zebulon, North Carolina

DR. J. F. COLTRANE  
— Dentist —  
Office Hrs. 9-12:30—1:30-5

M. J. SEXTON  
INSURANCE

DR. CHAS E. FLOWERS  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office Hours  
8:30 - 10 a.m. — 1 - 3 p.m.  
Phone Off. 2881 — Res. 2961  
Back of Frank Kannans'

DR. L. M. MASSEY  
— Dentist —  
Phone 2921  
Hrs. 9 a.m. to 5 p. m.  
Office in Zebulon Drug Bldg.

For Insurance of All Kinds  
and  
FARM LOANS  
see  
D. D. CHAMBLEE

PLUMBING AND  
ELECTRICAL SERVICE  
Anywhere Anytime  
BILL STRICKLAND

Patronize our advertisers.

## Business Cards

ZEBULON SUPPLY CO.  
We Feed & Clothe The Family  
And Furnish The Home  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

J. M. CHEVROLET CO.  
CHEVROLET'S  
OLDSMOBILES  
New and Used Cars  
Factory Trained Mechanics

J. A. KEMP AND SON  
Groceries — Dry Goods  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
Phone 2171

LITTLE RIVER ICE CO.  
Quality and Service  
Phone 2871

CAROLINA POWER AND  
LIGHT COMPANY  
NOW  
Electricity is Cheap  
Phone 2511

A. A. WELLS  
Wood and Iron Worker  
Horseshoeing—Repairing of  
any tool or implement on the  
farm  
Zebulon, N. C.

JOHNSON BROTHERS  
JEWELERS  
Watch Makers — Jewelry  
Zebulon, N.C.

Everything  
To Build  
Anything  
MASSEY LUMBER CO.  
Zebulon, N. C.